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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

APPLIED RELIGION

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CHICAGO

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

A biography of one of Chicago's most unique figures and leaders will be published serially in UNITY beginning March 1st

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DAVID SWING

THE PROPHET OF CHICAGO

Is it still true that

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country"?

It is sadly true that as yet no biography of the late Professor Swing has been written. The fugitive sketches that have appeared have been necessarily inadequate and oftentimes inaccurate. It is then with great satisfaction that the publishers of UNITY announce that, with the beginning of the next volume, March 1, it proposes to publish the story of the life and a study of the ministry of David Swing, the poet preacher who for so many years touched the life of Chicago at its most vital points, ameliorating its crudities, softening its harshness and permanently modifying its spiritual climate. This series of articles will appear weekly and will run through the better part of the year.

Professor Swing left no material for a biography. Indeed, it never occurred to the modest man that his life was worthy of special record or that anyone in future years would sit down and tell his story. This beautiful, though excessive, modesty makes the task of his biographer a difficult one. However, his friends have been kind and helpful, his daughter especially gracious in giving access to his private manuscripts, and in the Rev. Joseph Newton, of Dixon, Ills., is to be found a man who has been deeply impressed and permanently profited by the ministry of David Swing, and he brings to the work a gifted mind and a skilful pen.

It has been said that "The record of a great and pure personality is the best bequest of time." Hence, it is high time that the life of David Swing should be studied,—a life that, like that of Lincoln, was founded upon pity, the pity that made him a "Man of Sorrows," but sorrow was the only shadow upon the spotless life. There was no vanity, envy or unseemly ambition. The charm of his nature was a blending of composure, gentleness and simplicity. His christianity was mellowed with universality; his ethics made profound with the impartiality of a philosopher; his piety was touched with the dream-like pensiveness of a poet.

Writes Mr. Newton, the biographer:

"My labor has been a labor of love. What David Swing did for me I shall never be able to tell. He was a friend and helper in a time of crisis, a dear mentor in a wilderness of doubt. After Emerson and Browning, the gentle, humaue, wise, meditative Swing has been my best friend among the moderns. And this is true of thousands of men and women all over the land, to whom the world has never seemed quite the same since the heavens received him out of sight. I feel that we are now far enough away from him to see him in the juster perspective of years, and to estimate him for what he was."

The publishers of UNITY believe that there are scattered all over the country countless souls who were touched more or less directly by the life and words of Professor Swing before his death who will be glad of this opportunity to renew their acquaintance, and there are countless others who need such an acquaintance. The first of March is a good time to renew your subscriptions and to make new ones for UNITY. Is it not possible, with the co-operation of present subscribers, and this rare opportunity to obtain the story of Professor Swing, with the other good and true things which UNITY tries to tell, to double the subscribers? Let each one try to get another one and it will be done.

Now is the time to Subscribe for UNITY

and to enable every one to secure all of this biography, we now offer Two Full Years Subscriptions to UNITY, at least one being a new name, for only THREE DOLLARS. If you have already renewed your subscription for the current year you can still take advantage of this offer by securing one new name and sending us three dollars, and your date of expiration will be pushed forward one year.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Station M, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1908 | NUMBER 2

A fire swept the forest growth away—
All the green thicket deeds of tender Earth;
And every sapling Hope had given birth
Burned red, then white, and crumbled to decay;
While blackened trees stood stark in mute dismay.

So like our lives, consumed by some distress,
When trusting hearts, blithe in the spring of youth,
Are blasted by the flames of Sorrow's truth
And withered in Pain's fire of faithlessness—
Until where Beauty bloomed no man can guess.

Yet, lo! a miracle when time is told:—
As trees and flowers shall bless that sod again
And lift their fervent lips to summer's rain,
So may our hearts arise from ashes cold,
To give new growth to God a thousandfold.

—*Edith Livingston Smith.*

Again we bespeak the sympathetic indulgence and co-operation of our readers, as the helm of UNITY is grasped by hands not inured to the storms nor trained by the experiences of three decades of service on the journalistic sea. May our Senior Editor find peace and fellowship by the "Golden Gate" worthy his thirty years' editorial service, and fitting inspiration for yet other decades of a ministry ever increasing in richness and beauty.

In the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* is an article by Kenyon Cox which we hope will have a very wide reading. UNITY has often voiced its appreciation of the master creation of Augustus Saint-Gaudens which stands at the southern entrance of Lincoln park. Kenyon Cox speaks in highest terms of his contemporary, and it certainly seems to be true that Saint-Gaudens at least was able to enter the holy of holies, to scale the mountain peaks of vision, to look on human life with the eye of a seer, and then more, to transfer his vision into enduring bronze. We quote elsewhere from the article referred to above, which we repeat is a worthy tribute to a great master.

The current number of the Wisconsin *Journal of Education* is full of information of great interest and value to all educators. The article by Principal G. L. Bowman of Menominee, on the Stout Training Schools, is of particular interest and importance as it seems to point the way for a much needed reformation in our public school system. Students who attend the Stout schools—which are under the control of the city school board of Menominee—are "educated," as President Woodrow Wilson asserted the students of "our public schools" are not. We hope to find a place in UNITY in due time for a full description of these splendid schools. Meantime, may the "leaven" continue to work until the whole "lump" responds.

However Protestants differ from Catholics on tenets of faith, they are all one on the temperance question. We are constantly reminded of the practical religion of the Catholic priests by reports of the work they are doing along many and varied lines. This week an announcement reaches us of a free entertainment in a hall at Desplaines and Monroe street under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Music, recitations, etc., make a counter attraction of the saloon and all men are made welcome to a genuine social fellowship. It would be vastly better to close the saloons and open new doors of attractiveness and helpfulness for the hosts of men who find no other opportunity of social fellowship.

Some explanation of the recent difficulties between Japan and China is offered by Mr. F. A. McKenzie, a writer in the *London Daily Mail,* who asserts that Japan is on the verge of bankruptcy. Toiling under the burden of the tremendous war debts, the Japanese manufacturers find it hard to compete with those of China and both capital and labor are so heavily taxed that conditions are more serious than in any other prominent nation of the world, declares this writer. The Manchurian Railway is an open failure, though only half the money needed was asked for and Japanese finance commissioners were unable to secure a loan from any European nation, hence we are told Japan must either levy tribute from China, or abandon her present imperial policy.

The *Chicago Daily Inter Ocean* occasionally is quite willing to be classed as Anti-Roosevelt and Anti-Reform but seems greatly concerned if anyone sympathizes with the appeals of socialism and yet refuses to be classed as an anarchist. In a recent issue an unusually remarkable screed uses these words:

"This kind of priest or preacher occasionally appears on the fringe of Hull House or the Chicago Commons; and what is the result? A Jenkin Lloyd Jones, or something equally bad."

What more could Jane Addams, Graham Taylor, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones ask than to be put in the opposite class from that of the editor of the *Inter Ocean?* These friends of the downtrodden, the suffering, the tempted, and the tried, are loved and honored by more

people than will ever hear the name, much less come to know the policy of such foolish babble as our Senior Editor would not permit us to notice were he in the editorial office.

An exchange quotes the names of seventeen governors of states who have recently joined the host on the Anti-saloon platform. The friends of the saloon may resort to desperate efforts and stoop to the lowest methods in assailing the purpose and character of the temperance forces, but no cry of "Puritan sabbath" or "personal liberty assailed" will avail against such men, and women too, as are arrayed on the side of purity, righteousnes, self-mastery and a host of virtues found in the true home. The list is an interesting one.

The following seventeen governors have recently come out in open declarations against the saloon: Governor Comer, of Alabama; Governor Harris, of Ohio; Governor Hanly, of Indiana; Governor Cobb, of Maine; Governor Burke, of North Dakota; Governor Hoch, of Kansas; Governor Smith, of Georgia; Governor Dawson, of West Virginia; Governor Beckham, of Kentucky; Governor Glenn, of North Carolina; Governor Broward, of Florida; Governor Campbell, of Texas; Governor-elect Noel, of Mississippi; Governor Folk, of Missouri; Governor Haskel, of Oklahoma; Governor Buchtel, of Colorado, and Governor Ansel, of South Carolina.

A good Jewish friend of ours calls attention to the fact that Averbuch is everywhere spoken of as a "Jew," while other criminals are not called "Catholic" or "Christian," or any title significant of their religious faith. "Why need the religion of a man be emphasized when he has committed a crime which absolutely removes him beyond the pale of all religions?" We appreciate and fully sympathize with the loyalty of our brother to his religious faith, and agree with him that no religion could be held accountable for such crime; but does the title "Jew" have a religious or merely a racial significance in the public mind? To be sure, a "Russian Jew" seems to be a similar title to an "Armenian Christian" or an "Irish Catholic," but practically the word is used to designate the semitic stock from which the Hebrew race came, and here is an instance of ordinary usage; there is no Jewish nation today, and yet we do speak of a Jewish race or lineage, and in the common mind the religious faith is not separated from the racial heritage. Another instance of the truth that "no man liveth to himself alone." Averbuch was no more a real Jew in point of faith than any other assassin is a real Christian, which reveals our use of the word.

The Holy of Holies

No one needs to be reminded that UNITY belongs to the ranks of the non-conformists, and refuses to let church or prelate dictate the place or the mode of prayer, or close any avenues of fellowship with the Infinite. It must be admitted, however, that warfare always brings penalties in its train and even in our fight for freedom, our battle for religious liberty, the temple of our faith has sometimes been sacked, the holy of holies profaned or even ruthlessly destroyed.

The writer could hardly be a ritualist yet he bears witness to the truth and beauty, the sweetness and power of the genuine lenten observances. Nay, more, he believes that the needed word to be spoken in a world of rush and riches today is the call of the real prophet of the soul to the needed fasting that will keep the body in subjection and will open the upper windows toward the Jerusalem heights. We are so accustomed to a fullsome criticism of our "worship of the vain world's golden store," that even a trenchant arraignment of the foolish extravagance and voluptuousness of our day falls on dull ears. None the less the profound student of our day is conscious that we are traveling through the lowlands; that exceedingly few are the poets and prophets, the artists and the seers, in this day who are worthy successors of the great ones of our immediate past. Where are the Emersons and the Beechers, the Tennysons and Beethovens of this age? Scientists, inventors, great captains of industry—these are ours beyond compare. The names of Edison and Morgan are not surpassed on the pages of history. Philanthropists, too, we have among us, those who give of their wealth and those who pour out their lives, as noble and heroic men and women, and as intimately related to the ongoing of the great kingdom as any others have ever been; but artist, poet, musician, seer, prophet of the soul, surpassing all our history, where is he? Where does Robert Browning pen the story of "Saul" today? In what city does Michael Angelo serve "with a sad sincerity" and Raphael portray his unfading Madonnas? In what pulpit of the world will Phillips Brooks preach next Sabbath?

Except a man may sometimes come apart and enter with unshod feet the inner sanctuary of life, may come within the holy of holies of humanity, no spiritual realities will be dreamed or sung, no greatness ever thought or done? Neither through the convent nor the banquet hall lies a pathway to the delectable mountains; neither the ascetic nor the voluptuary has the words of real life; but rather he who owns the sweetness and beauty of earth, who neither scorns its gifts nor degrades himself to a merely animal existence, he who holds fellowship with the birds and the stars, walks and talks with Him who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," he it is who values and uses the lenten season, who frequents the quiet place of prayer and enters the holy of holies, a high priest for the souls of men. It were great gain indeed if more of our men of financial genius and material resources could find in this season of spiritual emphasis, some deeper knowledge of the realities and abiding verities of the ageless life. C. A. O.

What is threatened today is moral liberty, conscience, respect for the soul, the very nobility of man. To defend the soul, its interests, its rights, its dignity, is the most pressing duty for whoever sees the danger.
—*Amiel.*

THE PULPIT

David Swing, Poet Preacher

CHAPTER I.

THE CLERMONT BOY.

David Swing was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, August 23, 1830. His parents, David Swing and Kerenda Gazley, were at that time living in a two-story brick house at the foot of Elm street, on the river front; the father a prosperous man of the river, the mother a woman of rare grace of mind and piety of heart. The first floor of the house was a store-room in which Samuel Swing, David's uncle, sold groceries, while the upper story was used for residence—a quite pretentious home for that day. An older son, Alfred Swing, born in 1828, made up the little family.

The details of ancestry need not long detain us. It is enough to say that Swing grew, as every such man grows, where for generations there had been striving intelligence and quiet virtue. His foresires, on both sides of the house, were simple, sturdy folk, healthy of body, wholesome of mind, thrifty, patriotic and deeply if somewhat sternly pious. In one of his essays he refers to the French as the language of his birth and soul—an allusion, no doubt, to the former home of his family, which was in Alsace, near Strasburg, on the Rhine. But, as the name was originally spelled Schwing, we may infer that his forefathers were more German than French, or else a blend of the slow, heavy power of the one with the light and nimble grace of the other. His friends, who were more interested in these matters than he was, loved to trace in him the best qualities of both types; which was more a tribute of love than a statement of fact, for many rivulets mingled in the stream of his blood. More than this is not known, except that the Schwings were of the faith of Calvin, and that some of them fled, with others of their sect, to the south of France in quest of liberty of worship.

An old family Bible, "printed in London in the year 1728, in the Dutch language," records that Samuel Schwing, born September 15, 1729, emigrated to the New World when in his twenty-third year—1752—accompanied by one brother named Jeremiah. These two young men, with good Bible names, settled first on Long Island, nearly opposite the town of New York. Later—in 1760—we find them living in the western part of New Jersey, where, in course of time, there was a family community at "Swing's Corner," in Salem County. Thence the new generation journeyed to the West and South, some going to Pennsylvania, some to Ohio, and some as far west as Illinois. Samuel Swing the second, David's grandfather, settled at what is now Newport, Kentucky, as early as 1799, just across the river from Cincinnati, which was then only a straggling line of huts under the shadow of wooded hills. This hardy pioneer seems to have been a builder of barges and keel-boats for the river traffic, and to have acquired some wealth; but he is only a name and a shadow. His wife—"Aunt Polly," as she was called—survived him many years, and is remembered as a stately and gracious figure.

Of Swing's father, whose name he bore, not much is known, for he was just striking his stride when death overtook him. He was the pilot of a steamboat making long trips to the gulf, in the days when the rivers flowed through a wilderness dented here and there by a clearing and a cabin. By dint of thrift and industry he was able, in 1824, to own the boat which he piloted, and also the brick house on Elm street. Such glimpses of him as remain seem to lend color to the picture of a robust, energetic, tender-hearted man, behind whose jovial manner lay a kind of brooding pensiveness, which at touch of sorrow darkened into melancholy. Swing recalled the hushed awe with which this story of his father was told in the family circle. On one of his journeys the young boatman was haunted by a dream that his little sister Julia, whom he idolized, had met her death by falling into a well. The vision so pursued him that he hastened home, and at the landing told his dream, only to find that it was true. In 1825 he married Miss Kerenda Gazley—she of the bright brown eyes, the auburn hair, and the sunny heart—and made his home in the Elm street house. And it was there, over the grocery store—long since vanished—that their two boys were born.

The Gazleys were a family of remark, the first of the name, John Gazley, having come to this country from England in 1715—to Dutchess County, New York, where he died, leaving one son to bear his name. One of his grandsons, James Gazley, and family—twelve in number—some of whom had preceded him, came to Cincinnati in 1816, when Kerenda was a girl of sixteen. They were folk of refined taste, lovers of music, readers of polite literature, and some of them had that talent which is hard to know from genius. James W. Gazley, the oldest son, was a leader and orator of great ability, and the first representative in Congress for the Cincinnati district, having defeated William Henry Harrison in the race for that honor. Sayers was a Presbyterian minister, eccentric to a degree, but withal a man of some learning and the author of several books. Theodore won fame and fortune at the bar. Kerenda, the mother of David Swing, was a woman of great strength and beauty of character, and one of the most gifted of the family. She had a serene temper, a quiet humor, fine common sense, and above all a pervasive cheerfulness which made her one of those elect women whose mission it is to keep others in good heart about life. Her temperament was poetic, and from her David inherited many of the delicacies of his nature—his love of the beautiful, his literary tendency, and somewhat of the silken fineness of his mind. Much, indeed, that was genius in the son existed as talent in the mother. "My bright little mother," he used to say, "how patient and kind she was! It was well to know her and of great good to be her child." Her child he was, and it was through her that the angels of ancestry appeared unto him and made him a minister.

The elder David Swing—for so we must refer to him—died in 1832, that fateful year when flood, fire and plague conspired to destroy Cincinnati. His death left his wife in dire plight, with a boat to run, a store to keep, and two boys to train and educate. The shadow hides her for a time, but the Cincinnati Directory for 1833—a tiny, faded book—gives her name as the owner and keeper of the grocery store on Front street; from which I infer that she managed her own affairs. Two years later she was married to James Hageman, of Reading, Ohio, a widower with two children. The new family lived at Reading, where the father worked at his anvil—for he was a blacksmith—until the early months of 1840, when removal was made to a farm near Williamsburg, Clermont County, Ohio. In that rural community, far off the highways of the world, David Swing spent the years of his boyhood, a child of simple life and country ways.

The Hageman home lay one mile and a half to the southeast of Williamsburg, on a high table-land. Cedar trees grew in the front yard; a never failing spring near by supplied water for family and flocks; a barn,

a granary and an ash-hopper completed the picture. The house, Swing tells us, was an evolution from a rather primitive loghood, and after this manner. His mother began to plant flowers in front of the cabin, and the cabin itself became doomed. The old rail fence had to give place to something that could be painted white, and the floor made of slabs, hewn with an ax, was followed by ash boards; and the ladder which led to the upper story or attic gave way to stairs. Later, a parlor was added to the front, and a shanty-like kitchen was annexed to one side; but these luxuries came after David's time. He could not remember when the snow did not sift through the board roof upon his bed in the loft on bleak winter nights.

Here was poverty indeed—but it was the hopeful, inspiring poverty common to the older West, where there was no luxury, no squalor and no caste; that dreaming and drudging which grew strong men when the original fiber of their make-up was good. Many such homes dotted the country round about in the days when all wore home-spun, ate plain fare, and worked hard on the farm. The life of the family was simple to austerity, but rich in faith, in morals and in the essence of things that were real—as Swing would say, "in the music of holy voices and the ministry of loving hands." Memories of those years of privation and toil, with pictures of the scenery which he carried in his heart, floated into his sermons, but they were nearly always hidden behind some other name. It was in his moods of reverie, in his off-watch talk, that one caught glimpses of the farmer boy. Thus:

"I never swore but once, and the oath made so loud a report that it frightened me. It was on the Fourth of July, and I was walking to a big celebration in a neighboring town. There had been a rain the night before and the road was muddy. I fell into a puddle and was obliged to return home and have my trousers dried. I did not have but one pair. * * * * I had no overcoat till I was a member of the senior class in college. Was I cold? No, I went without one and did not get cold. Nobody got cold then. * * * I knew the knack of swinging the cradle, and while yet a boy did the work of a man in the fields of yellow grain. When the harvest was over at home I would hire out to the neighbors—for 30 cents a day. And I did a good day's work when I used to do that on our neighbors' farms. The best I ever did was a full hand's work for ten consecutive days, omitting Sunday. * * * Plowing and hoeing, sowing and reaping, mending fences and going to mill, filled the year with toil and only a few months in the winter were left for school. But I studied nights, kept my own grade, and voted myself the honors."

Down a winding woodland path Alfred and David went to the village school in the winter, crossing the East Fork on the ice when it permitted. At other times they rode an old white horse and crossed on the bridge below, the faithful animal returning home alone leaving the boys at play under the sycamores. A school-mate, A. S. Dudley, writes:

"The pages of my memory contain no more delightful records than those made by David Swing—'Dave,' as we called him—when we both attended the district school at Williamsburg. The buds of promise made early appearance in his life. Those who were intimate with him in boyhood can trace the beginnings of his worth and eminence to his lovable disposition and bright intellectual traits as they appeared in his youthful sports and earliest occupations. Even then we were somehow impressed with the distinction, or, at any rate, with the sweetness of his nature. He was strangely tender-hearted, and would burst into tears if any boy or girl suffered injury in the games on the playground. He could run and skate and swim with any of his set, but he could not bear to take the life of any breathing thing. There was a vein of silliness in him, a droll, dry humor, made the more comical by a slow, drawling voice, which always caused a titter from the long reading class which wound all around the old log schoolhouse. I have often thought that for one born, as David was, to feel the hardness of the world, his humor was a saving grace. He was eager to know and quick to learn, excelling in mathematics, history and composition—and, I must add, in every kind of innocent prankishness. One day, left to act as monitor of the school, he solemnly called the roll in rhyme, using all the nicknames and inventing others to fit his jingle. Some of the names coined by him that day were such apt characterizations that they followed their wearers far into the years. He was a good story-teller, and there was no end to his making of puns. When the teacher's back was turned David would make the school roar by mimicry of some expression or gesture of some odd character in the neighborhood. Everybody loved him, the victims of his puns and jokes no less than the rest."

As a boy Swing was short and rather slim, awkward, loose-hung and slow of movement. His face was of an odd cast, dark and quite homely, with prominent front teeth and thick lips, the heavy chin and jaws suggesting that in him which might have led him far astray but for the high forehead. His hair was a rich brown, his eyes hazel, and his expression earnest, if not intense, as of one born a little way over on the shadowy side of life. Few ever guessed what manner of boy he was—delicate and pensive of soul, beauty-loving, wistful, sensitive, shy—a boy whom the death of a bird set musing of the meaning of a world wherein life was woven of beauty, mystery and sorrow. "When I was a boy," he once said, "I knew Gray's 'Elegy' by heart, and used to go about quoting it to myself, but I had to give it up—had to keep myself away from it. It drew me into a world of shadows, and I needed to walk forth in the sunlight among living men and women." He observed nature with the nice minuteness of a susceptible mind, and her ministry to his meditative spirit was of a kind not easily put into words. Often he could be seen walking alone in the woods or fields, his fists dug deep into his pockets, his hat tilted back on his head, and his face aglow with simple delight in the beauty and wonder of the scene. He felt the pathos of animal life, and the dumb friendship of his dog filled him with a kind of awe. So he was born, and so he lived all his life through, a blend of mirth and melancholy.

In gifts and aptitudes, as in disposition and character, the boy was father to the man. His love of reading showed itself early, though there were not many books to be had in the log cabin home. The family library consisted of the Bible, which Swing knew as few lads ever knew it; Calvin's "Institutes"—a relic handed down from no one knew how far back; Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and the McGuffey readers; to which was added the county Democratic paper, "The Clermont Sun." He read, besides these, "The Pilgrim's Progress," which his mother secured for him, and some of the stories of Scott, borrowed from the village tanner. The "Institutes" were "rather large reading for a boy," as he was wont to say, but to the end of his life he held that McGuffey's Sixth Reader was a great book; and indeed it was. For Swing, as for many a boy in the older West, its varied and wise selections from the best English authors were the very gates of literature ajar. The two brothers had the same spirit in common, the same fineness of mind and the same love of beauty. While Alfred was making violins, braiding bright straw into hats of unique design, and drawing nature scenes, David was answering his favorite writers with his own thoughts woven into verse and prose. Some of these boyish writings, of a humorous sort, were read before the village literary society, and those who heard them say that he had an individual style.

Surroundings shape the man, but now and then there comes a boy with a tendency to pick out half-hidden surroundings—influences not felt by others.

Across the Ohio lay Kentucky—and slavery! At the time of which I write, and in fact much earlier, the great question was astir, and ill omens were in the sky. Nothing was done to entice slaves from Kentucky; only as they came were they secreted till the hunt swept by, and then sped on their way. Vague rumors of these things reached the boy David on the wings of gossip, in the rude wood-cuts of runaway negroes in the weekly paper, and in the conversation about the evening fire. But the sentiment of his home was pro-slavery, intensely so, and he was led to believe that Abolitionists were men to avoid. Chief among such offenders in the neighborhood was "Boss" Huber, the tanner. He was a bold man, outspoken, and fearless to rashness, which, no doubt, saved him much trouble, for it needed a brave man to face him. He it was who opened the eyes of Swing to the evils of slavery and drew him into the current of anti-slavery feeling. Long afterwards Swing told the story thus:

"In the village, which lay a mile or two from our farm, there lived and tanned leather a man called Boss Huber. He was the first one of those fearful creatures called abolitionists I ever saw, and to which all our large family looked with abhorrence. One summer morning it devolved upon me to make an early trip through the woods to the village, with the intent to lay in for some harvest hands a few pounds of sugar and a half-gallon of molasses, and lo! in a ravine, shady and cool and dark, I came upon Boss Huber and a large negro man. Boss was just shaking hands with the African, and giving him some money and some parting words. To my young and verdant mind it seemed that Boss was sending the colored man on an errand, for the fact and manner of the Underground Railroad had not fully penetrated my soul.

"The fearful Boss then joined me, and we emerged at length from the woods and approached the village together. He began saying something about having told that negro of a town North in which he could find work; and from this introduction he glided off into a regular eloquent discourse about the wrongs and sufferings of the black man in the South. He wound up by taking from his coat-pocket a much-worn copy of *The National Era,* if my memory is perfectly correct. At least the paper contained several immense speeches from such men as Salmon P. Chase and Briney and Garrison, and when in one of those addresses I found a passage, 'We must in this country rear a temple of liberty whose shaft will pierce the skies!' it seemed to me a large remark. I memorized a part of that speech, and when, next winter, I joined a debating 'club,' I took the abolition side of the question, and as a climax quoted all about that temple with such an ambitious shaft.

"Today, among things to be glad of, I am rather glad that I once saw a slave make a summer morning sacred to him and to me by tripping along through the dense forests away from Ohio and towards freedom."

Always modest, he does not tell us, but it was true, that he won the debate, much to the joy of his friend the tanner. A boy like Swing, who could not sleep if a horse or a dog lay sick or hurt on the farm, only needed to know of the evils of slavery to have his soul set on fire with indignation against it. Two years before he had walked seven miles to Bethel to see Thomas Morris laid to rest—he who challenged Webster and Clay in the Senate, and of whom Whittier, at that time an editor, said in his paper: "He is the lion of his day." Thus the old tanner dropped a seed in fertile soil and, as we shall see, it brought forth a rich harvest.

Swing was by nature deeply religious, and by grace also after one night in his fifteenth year. At that age he was converted, in the good old fashion, at a Methodist revival meeting. It was on a still summer evening, and the preacher was one of those great native orators who rode the Methodist circuits in the olden time. His name is lost, but he stirred the soul of one boy as it had never been stirred before; the chariot of fire drew near and David was lifted out of himself. For days, he said, he felt as if he were walking on air, upheld by tides of ecstasy. Thereafter, though his gifts were of another kind, he was a lover of evangelical fervor and a believer in its cleansing and exalting efficacy. Also, in that tender hour an impression was laid upon him, which he could never quite shake off, that his vocation was that of a Christian minister. There followed, what always follows, a period of stress, such as comes to every boy when his voice changes from a boyish treble to a manly bass, and is, like the boy, for a time uncertain of itself. But his inner life was otherwise singularly serene, and hidden in the folds of a life-long modesty. In truth we know of it at all only from stray hints let fall in his later years.

Of his theological opinions we know more. In those days the papers brought little news of the doings of the big world outside, and, apart from local gossip—which then as now traveled in occult ways—theology was the topic of talk. Questions of the nature of Deity, of the elect and non-elect, of baptism, and related issues, were themes of table chat and fireside conversation. Every lad knew the "five points of Calvinism" and the "doctrines of free grace" as he knew the multiplication table and the rule of three. The preaching of the day was decidedly doctrinal, and even babes in Christ were fed on the strongest meat of the gospel. Each pulpit was measured by its ability to make an exhaustive analysis of some other pulpit, and thus to show the utter falseness of the latter. A boy who grew up at that time knew as much theology as geography, and perhaps more. David's step-father was of New England stock and thoroughly grounded in the old theology, as it was before the riddle of Samson repeated itself in the history of Puritan faith—that is, before the days of Emerson and Bushnell. Strangely enough, David could not accept that theology, though he had been trained in it. He felt that it was too severe, too narrow, and much too exact in its information concerning ultimate things. He felt this, I say, for he was guided all his life more by a large and tender reason than by formal logic. So it was that the good man and the gawky boy had many a discussion, all in good temper, about the winter evening fire, or at the end of the rows as they plowed corn together in the summer. A man who was a neighbor boy, writes:

"In his later youth, when David began to think and form opinions for himself, it is remarkable that in some of the most important matters he chose the opposite, if not the extreme, of some of the austere tenets in which he had been so carefully instructed. He was always religious in spirit, but never quite orthodox in thought; some doctrines he could not believe. It is interesting to note that his attitude as a boy in these matters was not unlike that which so puzzled the church in after time. His faith as a youth, as I recall it, was much the same in spirit and substance as that which he set so many keys in Music Hall. I watched his long career, and the glory of the man was but the unfolding of the boy as I knew him. He was born with a mysterious largeness and tenderness of mind."

About this time David's uncle, the Rev. Sayers Gazley, once pastor of the village Presbyterian Church, came to live in the Hageman home. He was a man of some attainments, especially in theology, but very eccentric, dogmatic and intolerant. His faith was a sombre Calvinism darkened into fatalism, in which a few elect were to be rescued from the general collapse and failure of creation. He held the dogma of the divine origin and right of human slavery in the same manner, proving it the while with Bible texts, and no one dared to doubt his exegesis. Riding fast horses was his passion, but whistling was his pet abomination, and he kept a ledger in which to record the names

of all boys who practiced the vice. If a boy felt moved to bird-like music he looked about him before puckering his lips to begin, but after nightfall the theologian heard many a warbled tune with variations. David's religious views were explained by his boyhood friends as, in part at least, a reaction from the radical and too violent views of his uncle. Doubtless that strange man served him as a kind of negative pole of thought, but he seems to have been endowed, from the first, with a mind at once judicial and humane.

The man who more than all others touched the boy David was the Rev. Ludwig Gaines, who succeeded Dr. Gazley in the Williamsburg pulpit in the early forties. In connection with his labors as pastor, Mr. Gaines taught classes of boys who looked forward to college studies. He was a man of ripe culture and a born teacher, having not only the art of communication, but the gift of getting hold of a boy and finding what was in him. He loved Swing and discovered behind his shyness a fine mind, the instinct of a student, and an eagerness for knowledge which knew no weariness. David had special aptitude for languages, and it was Mr. Gaines who started him across the years towards the beautiful vanished world of Greek and Latin culture. A vague dream of scholarship began to take shape for the boy; his teacher saw it and rejoiced. A man of the spirit, orthodox but not radical, Mr. Gaines was a wise mentor in matters of faith. By the ties of friendship he held David to a warm heart of faith, and perhaps saved him from a too violent break with his past.

It was at the home of his teacher that Swing made his first acquaintance with a well-chosen library, which opened a new heaven to his aspiration. . Out under a tree at the noon hour, by the glow of the fire, or, if the night was mild, by the aid of a dim tallow dip in the attic, he pored over books. With great rapidity he became familiar with the masters—Addison's "Spectator," Spencer's "Faerie Queen," Hume's "History of England," and the richly appareled eloquence of Edmund Burke. Owing to the absence of diaries we cannot follow in detail his early wandering among books, but some of his likes and dislikes are known. After Gray, whose "Elegy" was attuned to the soul of sweet sadness that was in him, Cowper was his best beloved poet. And there was much in common between Cowper and Swing: an exquisiteness of taste, a gift of language, a sensitive shrinking from the hardness of the world, a love of nature in her quiet moods, and above all a fineness of feeling, a pity, for every living thing. Byron he held in little esteem, dismissing him with the remark that it would have been better if he had never been born. Be that as it may, the farmer-boy made good use of his teacher's library.

In 1847 Professor Gaines moved to Goshen, some seven miles away, to be pastor and teacher in that community. David followed him, riding to and fro on horseback, and was a pupil in the famous "Quail-trap Academy"—so named for its peculiar architecture. One day in the summer of 1848, while digging potatoes, David told Mr. Hageman that he wanted to go to college. They sat down at the end of the row and talked it over in that subdued and tender way in which men talk of matters of large import. David learned that his father's property had been sold and the money held in trust for Alfred and himself, and that there was enough, if wisely used, to pay their way through college—an erroneous calculation as time proved. In the autumn of that year the two boys, always inseparable, entered the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio.

St. David

AN ADDRESS BY REV. H. O. ROWLANDS, DELIVERED BEFORE THE CYMRY SOCIETY AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, FEBRUARY 4, 1908.

The accentuated word of this occasion is *Benevolence.* The name and memory of the patron Saint of the Welsh people have floated down over the wave-crests of the centuries, not by virture of his canonization into sainthood,—though he probably deserved that honor as well as did any other man or woman in that radiant retinue of great souls,—not by virtue of his great erudition and splendid eloquence, —though he seems to have possessed both gifts in a remarkable degree,—it is said that his lips were silver, his voice a harp and his speech flowing gold; but immortality has crowned him because he followed the steps of his great Master, who began his life with "good will to men,"—closed it while distilling benedictions on his enemies; and between those goals "he went about doing good."

There have been other heroes whose names have decorated Kymric history; some of them more or less legendary, others the pulsating realities of our national life. They were warriors, poets, statesmen, prophets, giants on the battle-field, brilliant in literature, seraphic in wisdom and eloquence,—men and women whose names and deeds thrill us with pride. We have sung of them, and praised their matchless prowess on every field of strife and effort; but among them there was one uniquely marked for tenderness of heart, for love of and benevolence to his less fortunate fellows,—whose whole life melted into streams of pity, charity, and help wherever needs appealed. That is the one Welshmen have anointed and crowned as their inspiring divinity—and "Patron Saint." This implies an eternal, quenchless prayer that all Cymry should be baptized into his spirit and imitate his life.

If it be rumored that our own "Saint," like the Heroes of other Nations, is enswathed in the habiliments of traditions and legends, and that the halo dims the real character,—granting that, more significant still is the fact that when our fathers would personify and immortalize a character, *Benevolence* was the cardinal grace and central virtue, the love of man for his fellow, which is a satellite whose glory is second only to man's love for his Maker and Preserver. The Greek apotheosized the warlike Achilles as the incarnation of the national virtue; the Romans the wolf-nurtured Romulus; but the Welsh have placed the crown of national benediction on the loving and lovable benefactor of his kind—*St. David.* Many centuries, instead of dimming, have burnished his glory.

I plead that this spirit should not be permitted to vanish from our national life. Our benevolence should be no less to all needful men; but *especially* to our natural kinsmen. "He who cares not for his own is worse than an infidel." To accentuate mutual benevolence between *Cymry* will not check its flow in an everwidening stream to all men. The growth of our people in wealth and influence should be a larger pledge that no sober, worthy, and industrious *Cymro* should be a public charge. The unworthy, whose sufferings are the essential penalties of their follies, vices and sins, are often less helped by sympathetic benevolence than by the corrective discipline that withholds as charity what might have been earned as the reward of industry.

This occasion is also a fitting time for family gossip on our own affairs—under our own vine and fig-

tree. If we choose to throw bouquets at ourselves, while it may amuse, or annoy our jealous neighbors, it is no less our own enjoyable business. Let us consider the subject:

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CYMRY ON AMERICAN LIFE AND INSTITUTIONS.

I pass over financial factors of influence, not that they are barren of interesting, substantial and complimentary facts, but not in that line have been the greatest achievements of Cymric influence. The ardent temperament of the *Cymro,* his quick response to great ideals and sentiments, have in a measure hampered, at least eclipsed, his money-making abilities. However, it is certain that Welshmen, from the times of Robert Morris of Colonial days to the present day, have been far from obscure forces in the financial life of the nation,—still, our thoughts will move in another direction at present. I also pass over the share Welshmen have taken in American literature; there have been literary men, teachers, preachers, as well as financiers, patriots who fought for independence and liberty, and whose names on the scroll of fame are radiant and fadeless, and to whom American life owes a debt that will ever remain uncancelled.

Consider the service of the Welshman in the inspiration and efforts he contributed to PROMOTE AND ESTABLISH THE PRINCIPLE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. He was by national tradition, severe education and discipline a zealous partisan of such a government. When we first discover the Cymro as a historic character his king was only a leader in war and captain in battle. He bowed indeed to the decrees of his Druidic priests, because they were to him the representatives and spokesmen of Deity; but no human despotic chief for him. He must be as free as the stream that raced down his mountains, as the zephyrs that gamboled over his glens and meads. He carried his sovereignty under his hat, and established the throne of control in his own breast. Indeed, it was this ambition for individual sovereignty overworked that hastened the collapse of the national independence of Wales. The *Cymro* detested the *domestic* despot more than the *foreign* tyrant. Local slavery was to him more unendurable than the rule of the foreigner. Domestic strife on this question opened the door for the invader. Too late did he discover that a nation like a man may be too independent. But not cheaply did he part with his national sovereignty. He fought like a demon for its preservation; and when defeated by an overwhelming force, he was not crushed. He crouched like a lion in the caves, fens, and hedges of his narrow province, and at every opportunity sprang upon the enemy. At last out of the iron clutches of the plundering saxon was wrung the condition that the monarch who should occupy the throne of Britain must first be a Prince of the Welshmen.

To us indeed the condition seems worthless, but it saved the honor of the Welshman and made it possible for a son of Wales to become king of Great Britain.

It was on a similar condition Scotland, a few centuries later, was united, and her king, James Stuart, became king of the United Kingdoms. The Welshman's price of surrender was that his son, real or adopted, should be the king of England.

This passion for self-government had a potent influence in establishing the principle on American soil; for let it be remembered that Welshmen were a far larger element in the American population than at present. It is manifest from the records of history, from patronymics that indicate the descent of people, and from the names of towns and parishes in the colonies—such as Bryn Mawr, Cumberland, Lower Meirion, Meirioneth, Montgomery, North Wales, Pen Card, Swansea, and many other names of like origin coëval with colonial settlement,—that the Welsh were a numerous people in those days.

They were traditional and bitter foes of English rule, and always thirsting for self-government. It could not be rooted out of a Welshman's politics that God was the only rightful Potentate, and the "divine right of kings was the myth of despots and heresy of tyrants."

Hence, the Welsh from the viewpoint of King George were the most zealous traitors in the rebellious colonies—"independence," "self-government," was their unvaried shibboleth. In New England, in Eastern Pennsylvania where the Welsh Quakers controlled the sentiment of the settlers, in the Sunny South among the descendants of chivalry, in all which places were thousands of Welshmen; they delighted in such leaders as their Irish cousin Patrick Henry and preferred death to the tyranny of King George. At Bunker Hill and Saratoga; at Ticonderoga and at Valley Forge; on the crimson fields of New Jersey, and the Carolinas, the hearts of Welshmen beat about as loud as their drums in fierce hatred of foreign rule, and in love for self-government. "Death to Tyrants," "We can rule over ourselves," "No king but God," were the hot sentiments of our Welsh ancestors that could be neither silenced nor compromised.

Indeed, so violent was this sentiment for self-government in the faith of our Welsh forefathers that at the close of the war of the Revolution it became vexatious and forestalled mischief, for so jealous were they of local independence that they for a while opposed the federation of the colonies; not because they had Tory sympathy with the mother country, but because they suspected that in a federal union there might lurk danger to self-government, which had been purchased at such a heavy price.

At this time appeared two essential, yet opposite principles of government,—the centripetal principle which would concentrate power in a central authority, and the centrifugal, which would lodge power in the people, and let them decide what and how much should be centralized.

The representative and prophet of the first principle was Alexander Hamilton, almost an inspired statesman, an incarnation of genius. With his burning love of liberty, his idea of government was the "rule of the best,"—aristocracy. The representative of the other principle was Thomas Jefferson; he pleaded for a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. The traditions of his ancestry, the shaping of his brain, and molding of his character were all Welsh. His forefathers had migrated from that most Welshy of Welsh communities, Carnarvonshire, under the shadow of Snowdon, where the people learn the rhapsodies of freedom from the leaping streams, the unbridled winds, and the holy traditions of the nation's life.

We now know that the error in those two theories of government is the notion that one is sound and the other dangerous; whereas the security of government requires both—one a check on the other. As the centrifugal and centripetal forces of nature hold the universe in the grip of eternal poise, so those two principles of government operating in our national

life make our glorious union enduring as the flashing adamant.

2. *The individual conscience as an arbiter in religious faith and conduct*—not priest, not church—the assertion of this principle and pushing it into triumph is a peculiar gift of the *Cymry* to the national life of our government. It is a common error to claim that the Pilgrim Fathers migrated into the new world to secure and establish religious liberty. *They did no such thing!* They came to secure and establish liberty for *themselves* in the exercise and propagation of their own faith,—every other faith was strenuously forbidden as an impertinence, and a heresy to be eradicated. Plymouth Rock is not the cradle of religious liberty. That cradle began to rock on the patch of ground where the city of Providence lies. Our Roman Catholic friends boast that Lord Baltimore granted the great boon of freedom of conscience in the Maryland colony. He was a liberal gentleman, and he made a great progress in this line. I pay a tribute of respect for what he did. But he did not establish *religious freedom;* he *granted toleration* to other faiths besides his own. I for one do not want toleration! I want my freedom in all questions of conscience and religion as an *inalienable right.* As a citizen it is my political and natural right to worship my Maker in any form that suits my conscience, and I am responsible only to him. At that time this Right of Man was an undiscovered country. Holland alone had caught a glimpse of its faraway hills and meads. However, in Wales this "Right of Man" had through centuries been a favored principle. When Augustine would have converted the old Britons to the faith of Rome and subjugate them to the papal yoke, the British church raised the demurrer that they long ago had been brought to duty by direct apostolic messengers, and they were all brethren, acknowledging only one Master. He was the *Christ,* and to his yoke alone they bowed their necks.

The Welsh submitted to papal Rome only as far as they were compelled by sword and fagot. When the protest of the English Throne was made against Rome by Henry VIII, Wales endorsed it, not so much because the people hated Rome as because they coveted Personal Liberty in Religion. Again, because Cromwell represented religious freedom he found in Wales his strongest support. When the Stuarts kindled the fires of persecution the Welsh suffered severely, and they were counted by hundreds among the Pennsylvania Quakers and New England colonists. It was out of such a people, inflamed with such ideas, the great Welshman, Roger Williams, came, and if you trust the traditions, William Penn also. To the former is due the establishment of religious liberty in the United States, the brightest chapter in the history of any government. It was the Cymro that opened a new path for the feet of freedom and set the chimes of religion to the music of liberty.

We belittle nor undervalue no contribution of other nations to the manifold riches of our wonderful American national life; the splendid self-poise of the Englishman; the granitic heroism of the Hollander; the unfliching honesty of the Quaker; the intrepid courage of the Irishman; the incomparable brain-power of the Scotchman; the superb statesmanship of the chivalry of the South—all have wrought magnificently on the national edifice, and their efforts shine in living and increasing splendor. But the Welsh nation advance a claim that has never been challenged, viz., that into this Holy Temple of American National Life they brought as their offering the immortal sentiments and principles,—*Self-government and Freedom of Conscience in man's relations to his God.*

There is an ancient and interesting legend that has floated to us from oriental life: He was a great king who coveted immortality of fame and personality. Not having been able to accomplish much by his official life, he resolved to build a huge monument. Its foundations were so deep that they gripped the eternal granite, and its height was to prick the stars. He summoned a cunning architect to carry out his project with the instruction that on the capstone of the pyramid the king's name should be engraved. The unborn ages would read it. The maiden beams of the morning would gild it with their light, and the rays of the dying day would kiss it. Every on-rolling century would behold the name of the king and immortality would hold him in her everlasting keeping. So thought the simple and not wise monarch. However, the architect reasoned in his own mind that since he planned and built the monument it should immortalize the name, not of the harmless king, but of the real Creator.

He worked long and well on the enterprise and finished it. On the soft plaster which he had placed on the topmost stone he caused the king's name to be engraven. But in the flashing adamant beneath the mortar he had carved his own name. As the years passed by the plaster disintegrated and fell, carrying down with it the royal name, and then was manifested, immortal "in living light," the name of the real builder—the Architect.

We are all building up a great government devoted to the freedom, prosperity and happiness of its citizens through coming centuries. On the growing edifice nations are striving to write their names and those of their great sons as builders, each nation proudly waiving the claims of her heroes as deserving the largest credit.

At last the fragile substance in which human names are written will disintegrate into oblivion and on the wonderful history of the United States will glisten, not the legend, but the eternal truth: *The American Nation: the last and noblest gift of government from God to man.*

By Dark or Light

Nature, by dark or light thy life I drink!
  The midnight stars behold me as I gaze,
  And smile in answer, hinting that the days
Are but Eternity's half-lumined brink.
The night is opportunity to think;
  And soul's own inner orbs expand and blaze
  When round the shepherd Pole the star-flocks graze
And fires of boreal Vulcans glow and shrink.
Yet when in eastern skies the steeds uprear
  Which Phœbus urges to celestial flight,
    The day brings eloquence night's luster bars:
The sheen of dewy meadows far and near,
  The opal hills, the ocean's purple might,—
    And human faces lovelier than all stars.

—*James H. West.*

To have an ideal or to have none, to have this ideal or that,—this is what digs gulfs between men, even between those who live in the same family circle, under the same roof or in the same room.

* * * * * *

He who floats with the current, who does not guide himself according to higher principles, who has no ideal, no convictions,—such a man is a mere article of the world's furniture—a thing moved, instead of a living moving being—an echo, not a voice.—*Amiel.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Attack on Chief Shippy. On Monday Chicago was startled by the announcement that an assassin, gaining entrance to the home of Chief Shippy, had attacked him with knife and revolver and dangerously wounded his son. The assassin was riddled with bullets by the chief and his driver. The man turns out to have been a Russian Jew, a refugee from Kishinev, a mere boy only twenty years old, who came to this country not many weeks ago to live with his sister. He was of brooding, melancholy temperament, read Russian revolutionary books, and seems to have meditated suicide. Efforts to connect him with anarchist plots or societies have entirely failed. The newspapers proceeded to lash themselves into a fury over the subject of anarchists, and some cartoons have appeared that are a disgrace to the papers that printed them. Emma Goldman and the other professional anarchists became at once objects of much reportorial attention, and smiled gleefully over the prospect of public notice. Anarchy of their blatant kind can only thrive in America on attacks of hysteria into which people from time to time are thrown by some attempt to murder a public official. The police treated the innocent sister of Lazarus Averbuch with senseless brutality, not telling her that her brother was dead, and leading her thus unprepared into the presence of his bullet-riddled body. They forgot the golden rule. The police also took occasion to exceed their powers, as they frequently do, by entering suspected houses, opening trunks and inspecting books and private papers. The most serious result of such an occurrence is the unreasonable state of mind into which the public is thrown, the precedents for police aggression and inquisition which are established, and the demand for legislation infringing upon liberty of speech and of the press and of public assembly. There is no greater folly than to suppose that anarchistic or any other opinions can be "stamped out" by drastic legislation. Russia has tried that, and the policy of the heavy hand has only multiplied the anarchists. For the act itself the blame should be laid at the door of Russian despotism. So long as the Russian body politic continues to secrete and excrete the poisonous substance known as anarchy, the whole world will have to suffer for it in one way or another.

The Collinwood School Fire. One of the most pitiful holocausts in recent years was that on Wednesday, when 170 school children lost their lives in the public school at Collinwood, a suburb of Cleveland. The poor janitor who was at fault lost his own three children, so that in his case popular sympathy poured oil on popular fury. Defective exits and the careless locking of one of the doors are responsible for the awful loss of life. It will result at once in a rigid inspection of school buildings everywhere. But what avails it to have emergency exits if careless people will lock them for convenience every now and then? Wherever a large number of people are assembled he does a public service who goes around unbarring doors and making sure that ways of escape are open.

Electric Lighting Ordinance. It is evident that the public franchise corporations feel that they have found a way to get about what they want from the present Chicago city council and from the mayor. What that way is no one can prove, but there is a growing suspicion in the public mind. The success in jamming through the telephone ordinance is to be followed by similar procedure with an ordinance for the Commonwealth-Edison Company, recommended by the same committee which did so well for the corporation and so poorly for the public before. The terms of the ordinance are pronounced by the City Club people to be exceedingly objectionable.

The Presidential Campaign. The Ohio Republicans have adopted a plank calling for tariff revision, but along exceedingly conservative lines, "imposing such customs duties as will equal the difference between cost of production at home and abroad, with a reasonable profit." This will bring no satisfaction to genuine tariff reformers, who recognize that the whole system is prolific in corruption. The Nebraska Democrats have adopted a radical platform along the lines of the president's policies for the most part; but they do not grasp their tariff opportunity with much vigor. The Minnesota Democratic committee has favored Governor Johnson for the presidency by a vote of 68 to 23, the Bryan delegates bolting and taking separate action in his favor. The New York state committee has unanimously favored Hughes and adopted resolutions that speak in no uncertain tones of his splendid qualifications.

China and Japan. Trouble has been brewing for some time between Japan and China. Little matters occasion much friction between neighbors when there is a general attitude of jealousy and suspicion. The recent seizure of a vessel on the high seas by China and the hauling down of the Japanese flag has brought matters to a rather sharp issue at the present moment. It remains to be seen whether these two nations who compose our yellow peril will relieve our anxieties by falling into a quarrel among themselves.

Harriman Wins. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Illinois Central completed the victory of the Harriman forces. Mr. Stuyvesant Fish remained away from the meeting, and now retires to the ranks as a simple stockholder. Mr. Harriman now announces that the Illinois Central has purchased the Georgia Central railroad, or rather that he has purchased it for the Illinois Central railroad.

A Milk War. A rather surprising aftermath of the indictments of Chicago milk concerns for conspiracy in raising the price of milk is a sudden cut from 8 cents to 7 by the Borden Company, in which the other concerns with much grumbling have followed suit. Just what is back of all this no one can say.

W. B. T.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?
REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.
To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

In the *Congregationalist* occurs the following editorial paragraph on the address of Dean Hodges that cannot fail to secure the warm approval of all our readers:

Dean Hodges, of the Episcopal Divinity School at Cambridge, made an effective modern application, at the religious education convention in Washington, of the message of the Spirit to the seven churches of Asia. He substituted for them the seven churches of Lonelyville, and after describing their situation imagined what is the present message of the Holy Spirit to such a group of churches of seven different denominations in the same small town. The substance of the message was that of the seven angels or ministers of these churches five should be caught up by the Spirit and carried where they are needed, and that their salaries should be given to the other two, with release from obligations to prove to the inhabitants of Lonelyville the superiority of their denomination over the others, thus setting them free to give their whole time to the extirpation of the devil. The simple fact is that if men of the highest grade are to be won for the calling of the ministry, fields must be shown to be open to them adequate to satisfy their reasonable Christian ambitions. In the abstract no work is so attractive to men who seek to do the largest service for mankind as the Christian ministry, and never was a time when the opportunity was greater to allure and persuade the people to find God through Jesus Christ and to live the heroic life of sons and daughters of God. But high-minded young men do not feel themselves drawn to devote their life energies to one side or the other of a debate on infant baptism, or the quantity of water to be used in baptism, or to defending the superiority of one form of ecclesiastical government over others in use in the same town, while they collect for their support with difficulty wages not greater than they could earn by manual labor. It is for the churches to make places to fit the size of the ministers they want. Men will not be lacking to fill places where there is room to exercise the consecrated ability, knowledge and spiritual power of the ministers for whose coming the churches say they are praying.

An Ibsen Play

Recently, at Handel Hall, the Contemporaneous Drama Class of the Columbia College of Expression essayed the difficult presentation of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman" before a large audience, the majority of whom refused to be depressed by the lurid, turbid poem or to take the efforts of the class seriously.

In the introduction of the play the translator describes it as a "mournful antiphony," and Chicago audiences have not thus far in large numbers shown themselves to be ardent admirers of such music or poetry. Long dialogue and "talky" plays without action are always "trying" to the some-time players and always tabooed by the professional actor. This probably is a better explanation than is offered by Mr. Archer for the failure which the play met when presented on the professional stage.

All the more credit is due, therefore, to students who, under trying conditions, not only intelligently interpreted the thought of the great Norwegian diagnostician of the unethical, but suggested the "atmosphere" so essential to a proper appreciation of his work.

While the pictures or groupings were "small," oft crowded; while the ability to "fill stage" was lacking, as it always is with the amateur; while the reflex of the concentration and earnestness caused superfluous gesture of head and hands and hence a lack of poise and center, yet the modulated voice, distinct articulation and sincere effort made an impression often lacking in the professional playhouse.

We wish the Contemporaneous Drama Class "Godspeed" and hope to hear more of them. M. S. K.

Chicago.

What is That in Thine Hand?

What is that in thine hand? Still God asketh
  E'en as he questioned Moses of yore.
The command unto us to go forward,
  Using that which we have, nothing more,
Is imperative now, and will ever
  Unto promised lands open the door.

Then let us press onward, undaunted,
  As Moses of old with his rod,
Each using that which his hand holdeth—
  Some soaring, the while others plod—
Each doing that which his hand findeth,
  Co-workers together with God.

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

What He Learns at School

He can weave a raffia basket,
  Make a cunning pasteboard box,
Cut a Noah's ark from paper,
  Fashion bent-wire weather cocks.
He can mold a wabbly pitcher
  (Some two inches out of plumb!)
He can work in brass and iron—
  Strange he cannot
    do
      SUM!

He can knit and he can hemstitch;
  He can draw and paint and sing;
He can work in wood and leather,
  He can knot the festive string;
He can weave a mat superbly,
  And in stringing beads excel.
Truly Willie is a wonder—
  Strange he cannot
    read
      and
        NIGHT!

Willie's father, as it happens,
  Is a queer, old-fashioned crank,
Who contends, in education,
  The three Rs should hold first rank,
And it grieves him that his offspring
  Should grow up in ignorance quite,
So he's buckled down to business
  And is teaching
    Bill
      at
        SPELL!

—*Rose Parker.*

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund

(*Continued from last week.*)

Susan Look Avery, Louisville, Ky. (Pd.)
George L. Baker, Britton, S. D. (Pd. $10.)
Thirty-five dollars received from three others in smaller sums.

From an Unitarian Minister. Of course, you know what I would say about UNITY and its continuance. I have an idea it will continue also, despite my financial inability to help it on its way.

From a Friend in Bellingham, Wash. UNITY beyond thirty years? Whether it is to be no or yes. The Senior Editor can afford to stop the paper—if he could stop! Shall those of the "old guard" who have not dollars dodge paying the tribute of mind and heart as to what UNITY has been? Leaving to the spontaneities that made it and make such as it the fate as to its going on? From its Chicago Centre going in to the veins of part of the nation its ample spirit is working by diffusion in many who have never seen it. Where has there been such breadth, such naked sufficiency of things spiritual, passed out and on? What UNITY has been is in the circulations that have made no little part of America to be a larger thing than it was thirty years ago. And that will make for the larger thing that America is to be. Two great things. Where has another publication equaled it? UNITY has given us breadth and the sufficiency of unsupported spirit!

From an Eastern Reader. Enclosed please find postoffice order for $2 to renew my subscription to UNITY. I regret exceedingly that I have not been in condition to respond to your invitation to contribute $30 toward a permanent fund for the continuance of your admirable paper. I should consider it a privilege to be one of a thousand persons to establish such a fund; still more to be one of thirty to contribute $1,000 each; and still more to be the single individual to furnish the whole $30,000. But I must confess my inability to appear in either of these three classes. My limited resources and the care of my family quite forbid. There is one man, however, who has done much for education in this country and elsewhere, and always is ready to do more, who could furnish the whole amount. It seems to me he might be induced to come to the rescue of a journal which is an educational force of the highest type, a promoter of everything that is best and most desirable in the people's life.

From Huron, S. D. We are very late in responding to the call for UNITY. Nevertheless we are glad to do our part and will send the $30. It would be hard, indeed, to do without the paper that has been such great help to us in our home for about twenty years. May it go on with ever widening influence, helping many as it is helping us.

From an Old Friend and Helper. I want to do my little mite toward the Endowment Fund for UNITY and send you $15 now—the balance to come later. I wish I had money equal to my will, for I would then at once send you the entire fund, even though in so doing I deprive many others of the pleasant privilege of helping. UNITY is certainly worth the full amount to any and all who are wise enough to know its pages.

From Monmouth, Ill. I feel very guilty in not responding to your solicitation of December, 1907, in behalf of UNITY and its continuation beyond the thirtieth "milestone." My apparent "negligence" was due to the fact that I did not see the way clear to respond as I preferred and I hesitated to say so, for I am truly interested in the continued life and growth of our faithful "weekly friend" and would feel very loath to have it cease to be. Owing to many demands in other directions, however, I had felt I was not justified in pledging the amount solicited, small as it seems in comparison with the worthiness of the object, in addition to keeping up the three annual subscriptions, which I hope to be able to continue as long as the paper is published. But since reading the publication of February 6th I feel inclined to risk a promise—that if the proposed plan is put into effect I will furnish one of the $30 units in the $30,000 fund by March 1, 1909, and you may depend upon my word. I sincerely hope the desired goal may be reached for the sake of the worthy cause, your faithfulness and the great need all of UNITY's readers and supporters have of its far-reaching helpfulness. May success crown all efforts in its behalf for an unlimited future.

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"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

SWISS ESTIMATE OF HENRY D. LLOYD'S POSTHUMOUS WORK.—*Un Peuple Souverain.* Under this caption I find in the *Journal de Genève* an appreciative notice of Henry D. Lloyd's "A Sovereign People, a Study of Swiss Democracy." This work, which it was well known the lamented author had in preparation at the time of his too early death, has been long awaited; delayed, it would seem, by the necessity of changing editors, for it has appeared at last under different auspices from those anticipated when I talked with certain Swiss University professors about it two years and a half ago. Now that we at last have it, it is gratifying to see that it is noticed in Switzerland almost as quickly as here.

The Swiss reviewer, G. Werner, speaks of it as a volume giving striking evidence of the interest aroused nowadays by Swiss political institutions. After speaking of the author's death and noting briefly his earlier works and investigations, he goes on to say:

"Lloyd was thoroughly well informed about our country, having traveled over it repeatedly, first as a tourist, then, in 1901 and 1902, with a view to making a thorough study of the political, economic and social conditions in Switzerland. The questions of the purchase of the railroads and that of the State Bank interested him particularly."

In a letter written from Berne in 1901, now kindly furnished by Professor Borgeaud, he says:

"The longer I study Switzerland, and the clearer idea I gain of the conditions and of the working of your admirable constitution, the more clearly I see that the problem that America must solve is this: How can we establish, or rather re-establish, those conditions of relative economic equality which alone render democracy possible? You have them; we have lost them and must recover them or lose still more."

It was possessed by this idea that the working of democracy depends upon the maintenance of relative economic equality between citizens of a common country, that Lloyd made the investigations and amassed the notes that were to serve as the basis of his book on Swiss democracy.

Alas! he did not live to finish this long undertaking. In the summer of 1903, throwing himself into the Chicago campaign for the acquirement of the street railways, he died in the midst of the electoral struggle without having had an opportunity to return to his unfinished task.

The Lloyd family, unwilling to leave so much labor unutilized, intrusted the editing of it to Mr. John A. Hobson, who has acquitted himself of the task with much care. Though it is very difficult to say whether the thought of Lloyd has been everywhere faithfully transcribed, the reader will nevertheless have very distinctly the impression that the book is wholly dominated by the idea which its author expressed to Mr. Borgeaud.

The subjects of which the book treats would furnish material for several volumes, but the author does not go into details. He seeks rather a standpoint from which to get a general view of the working of our political institutions within the framework of our social conditions, and then he asks: Is this the genuine democracy which people enamored of ideal politics and economics get glimpses of? Not that Lloyd claims that in Switzerland everything is for the best in the best of worlds. He points out numerous defects in our institutions and our customs, among others, an exaggerated cantonalism in some localities and the harshness we show to our women in not according to them any political rights.

Yet in spite of many criticisms it is evident that Lloyd admires our institutions deeply. In his estimation they are elastic enough to permit the will of the nation to make itself felt on all important questions, while, on the other hand, the division of the land and the ownership by the state, the cantons or the communes of such property as the railroads or the waterpower necessary for the development of the whole community are protection from the danger there would be in letting too powerful individuals get control of the agencies essential to the national life. And Lloyd recognizes that these, in some degree material safeguards are accompanied by other safeguards, at least equally precious: those of the intellectual and ethical education of our people. What will be the effect of economic evolution on the destinies of our people? It is impossible to say. But it is certain that our people possess means of control so effective that no internal change can take place without its consent.

At the present time, when the United States are stirred by the formidable battle that President Roosevelt is waging against the trusts and the money power, this book will certainly not pass unnoticed. Lloyd's ideas, on the whole, are, in their main lines, those that President Roosevelt has made his own.

It is difficult to analyze here in any adequate fashion this very interesting book by H. D. Lloyd. It must suffice to have indicated its drift and to have shown how suggestive are the remarks it contains. They bear the stamp of a mind at once idealist and practical. The book will help to awaken in the United States and elsewhere renewed interest in the institutions of our country, and will make those of our compatriots who read it comprehend that they have an ideal inheritance—the product of simplicity and good sense—which they must not lose. M. E. H.

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My husband spends all his leisure time in reading it to me.—*From a bride who received it as a wedding gift.*

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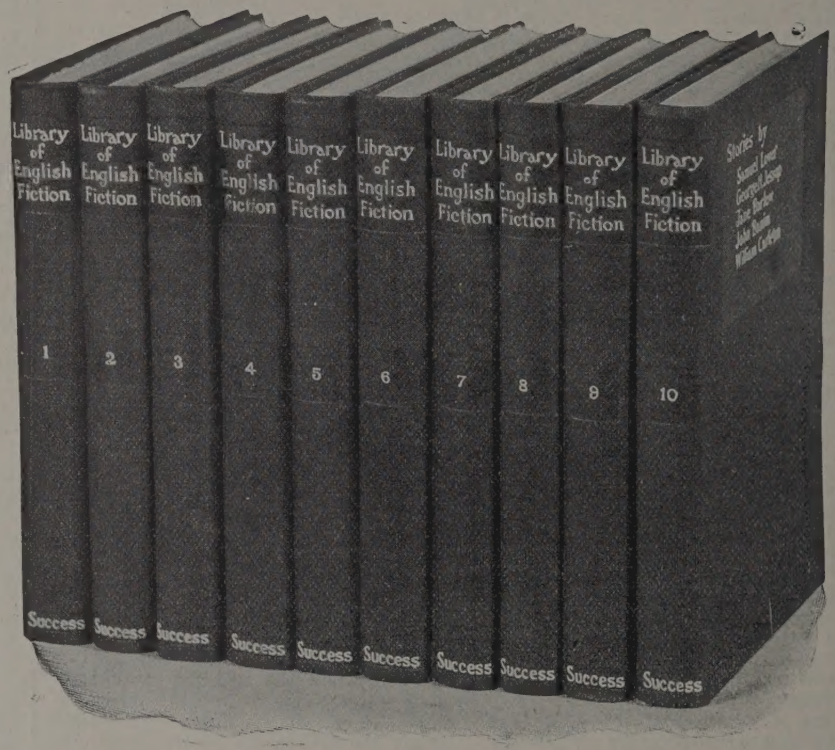

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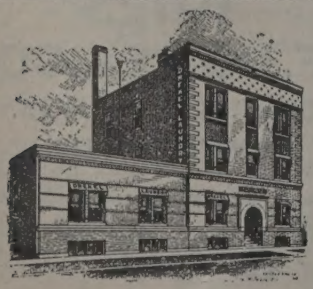

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